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THE CHRYSALIS



A Book of Poems

BY

LOGAN P. MARTIN

FEDERAL PRISONER

ATLANTA, GA.

1915



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THE CHRYSALIS

BY

LOGAN P. MARTIN

FEDERAL PRISONER

PUBLISHER

J. J. O'DONNELL

ATLANTA, GA.

NOTE—To avoid complications with the prison rules, kindly address all communications, relative to this volume, or the Author, to the Publisher.

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No. 1.

Preface

The poems herein contained were written under difficulties known only to those who have been similarly situated. My surroundings, as may be easily imagined, have not been very inspirational. The inconstancy of all others but serves to make the constancy of the Muse more keenly appreciated; and it is to this constancy that I owe what I now offer to the public.

THE AUTHOR.

Dedication

IN A SPIRIT OF DEEP APPRECIATION, I BEG TO DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME TO ALL OF THOSE OF FREEMAN'S
ESTATE, AS WELL AS PRISONERS EVERYWHERE.

THESE POEMS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE SOL-
ITUDE OF A PRISON CELL. THEY ARE OF
LITTLE OR NO LITERARY VALUE, BUT IF
READ IN THE SPIRIT IN WHICH THEY
WERE WRITTEN, THEY MAY DI-
VERT, IF NOT EXALT, THE
MIND OF THE READER.

THE AUTHOR

The Chrysalis

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

I was asked by the author-philosopher, federal prisoner, Logan P. Martin, to select an appropriate name for this book of poems. His triumph from his sordid condition led me to think of the butterfly that comes radiant from the ugly cocoon, and I chose the title:

“THE CHRYSALIS.”

In looking over the manuscripts I could scarcely realize the fact that they emanated from that city-of-the-living-dead—a prison. When one reads beautiful verse, he naturally thinks of it as issuing from beautiful sources, charming surroundings, inspiring scenes and circumstances. That a man with only the bare necessities of life, shut away from every good force, crushed down into utter oblivion, should rise from the ashes of his shattered life and give to the world such exalted and exalting thoughts as these poems contain, is beyond doubt proof that the soul of man has depths unfathomable, powers indestructible. In undertaking the publication of this volume, I do not so much serve the prisoner, as honor myself.

A great thinker was asked to what he attributed his success. He immediately replied “Adversity”; and if adversity is an incentive to a thinker, then Mr. Martin should look forward to a most successful career, for he has walked hand in hand with adversity for many years. Though the circumstances under which these poems were written would be sufficient to rouse curious interest in them, I commend them to the public solely on their merits. They are the utterances of a soul undismayed.

APPRECIATIVE

The publisher of this little volume wishes to acknowledge in behalf of the author-philosopher, federal prisoner, Logan P. Martin, the courtesy of Byrd Printing Company for furnishing the book at actual cost.

Thanks are also due Mayor James G. Woodward, for his offering; Rev. Cary B. Wilmer, who gladly wrote the Introductory; Rev. Dr. John E. White, the Foreword; and Dean John R. Atkinson, and Rabbi Dr. David Marx, for their letters. Especially cordial acknowledgment is due the following gentlemen who, from the goodness of their hearts, made the book possible by guaranteeing the payment of its production:

Mr. W. Woods White.

Rev. Richard Orme Flinn, Pastor, North Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Dr. John E. White, Pastor, Second Baptist Church.

Rev. Dr. Dunbar H. Ogden, Pastor, Central Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Dr. J. Sprole Lyons, Pastor, First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Dr. H. M. DuBose, Pastor, First Methodist Church.

Rev. Dr. Luke Johnson, Pastor, Grace Methodist Church.

Rev. Dr. Hugh Harris, Pastor, Wesley Memorial Church.

Rev. Dr. A. R. Holderby (retired), Pastor, Presbyterian Moore Memorial Church.

Rev. Father P. McOscar, S. M., Pastor, Church of the Sacred Heart.

Rev. Dr. L. O. Bricker, Pastor, First Christian Church.

Rev. John R. Atkinson, Dean, St. Philip's Cathedral.

Rev. Dr. J. L. White, Pastor, Tabernacle Baptist Church.

Rev. A. H. Gordon, Pastor, Ponce de Leon Baptist Church.

Rabbi Dr. David Marx, Minister, Jewish Temple.

Mr. Max Oppenheim, Editor, Georgian Deutsch Zeitung.

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Dr. Marion McH. Hull, Physician, Grand Building.

Mr. W. J. Govan, Cigar Dealer, South Pryor Street.

Mr. A. P. Norman, Auditor, Western Union Telegraph Co.

Mr. Wm. S. Witham, President, Farmers Trust Co.



JAMES G. WOODWARD

The aim and object of publishing the little book of poems entitled *THE CHRYSALIS*, I deem most worthy; and judging from the contents I believe, wherever the volume goes, it will bless mankind.

JAMES G. WOODWARD.

Mayor of Atlanta, Ga.



REV. DR. CARY B. WILMER

INTRODUCTORY

The primary purpose of this little book is, through its sale, to raise a fund wherewith the author may start life anew after his release from the Atlanta Federal Prison.

I am informed that with him "writing is rather a diversion"; that "he has never been schooled in writing, and has not received so much as a penny for his work in that line of endeavor. His serious work while pencilling the matter herein contained was doing penal servitude, cutting stone in the stone sheds of the Federal Prison."

Perhaps I may be pardoned for relating a personal incident explaining how I happened to become acquainted with Mr. Martin's writing and interested in the writer. A little more than a year ago, in the spring of 1914, I had been thinking of my Easter sermon.

Easter, as the Festival of our Lord's Resurrection, we rightly regard as a joyous occasion. But as the brightest light casts the darkest shadow, whenever an obstacle intervenes, so here. The Resurrection of our Lord has as its background His Crucifixion; and that means sin. Moreover, just because the Resurrection was the King's being "established" as King of men, His "making good" in common parlance, this means that the present-day rejection of the Risen King is sin worse than the original Crucifixion.

And so with "the shadow of Easter" in my mind, it chanced, or it came to pass, at any rate, that my eye fell upon the following poem in the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*:

FROM A PRISON CELL.

There is no hour so dark, so black,
As that which turns the memory back
To scenes and deeds we thought we had
Forever buried with the dead.

A thing once done can never die;
It boots not how serene the sky
May spread and smile above our head;
A thing once done is never dead.

The best way to undo the deed
That makes our heart and conscience bleed,
Is just to look above and say,
I will pursue a better way.

A man, no matter how debased,
Or low, or fallen, or disgraced,
Can rise above his yesterdays,
By deeds today all men must praise.

One thing we never must forget;
We owe all mankind the debt
Of service and of friendship true:
Who pays this debt must live anew.

And this his high record shall be—
A freeman of eternity.

By Logan P. Martin, Inmate of Atlanta Federal Prison.

The above poem so evidently proceeding from the author's own inner soul life, and not being the product of imagination or sentimentality, made so deep an impression upon me that I used it entire in my Easter morning sermon, and naturally became interested in the other literary work of the same writer, but most of all in the man himself.

The writer of these lines is not in any sense a literary critic, and makes no attempt to appraise these poems as to their literary value; but he begs to call attention to the general fact, and the significant fact which appears here and there, that Mr. Martin's incarceration has had the effect of throwing him in upon himself; in other words, has given him an opportunity which comes to many men through prison walls of many kinds, but of which he has availed himself in an unusual degree.

The following quotations will illustrate my meaning:

FROM "SOLITUDE,"

The angels of the thought world come
And deign to make with me their home;
Converse with me in language rare
That makes my life a heaven here.

I see what they can never see,
Who pass their time in city throngs;
And free as they can never be,
To sing the world's eternal songs.

FROM "IMAGINATION."

The prisoner, forgot, alone,
Where friendship's voice is never known,
By thy assistance, quits his den,
And breathes sweet Freedom's air again.

FROM "HEART OF HEAVEN."

O, heart of heaven, breathe on me
Thy fragrant breath of purity;
Chasten my soul and make of me
A freeman of eternity.

The question of the value of these sentiments or of their mode of expression from a purely literary point of view seems to me quite impertinent when compared with their value as witnessing to the power of a soul made free. They bring fresh testimony to the fact that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage"; and that "the mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell; a hell of heaven."

This leads me to mention the author's views of prison management, which are embodied in an essay in this volume, and which have been published from time to time in *Good Words*, the paper published in the Federal Prison, and have attracted the favorable attention of such able and discriminating magazines as *The Outlook*, edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

I may call attention to the following two quotations from "Rhyme and Reason":

"When we put men in prison they should be put there because they cannot be trusted with freedom, not because of retaliation and a desire for revenge"; also, "Going to prison does not degrade a man, it only publishes his degradation."

I most earnestly add my wish to that of Mr. Martin's other friends that this volume may find a sale which will materially aid him in his laudable ambition of usefulness in life, and also spread abroad ideas which cannot fail to be a blessing to others.

C. B. WILMER,

Rector St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Ga.

May 13, 1915.



DR. JOHN E. WHITE

FOREWORD

*“Two men looked through prison bars;
One saw mud, the other saw stars.”*

The readers of this lovely little book will come into fellowship with a man who had the opportunity to “see mud,” but who won his soul’s emancipation because he looked for the stars. It will help you to visit his observatory and see the stars through his eyes. He will teach you to study the stars for yourself and to kick the mud triumphantly from your feet. For we are all in prison somehow. Life’s barriers of sin and sorrow and death shut every man in. Therefore, this book is a good book for every man. It is a rare and exquisite poesy, being free-hearted and sincere. We, who have never seen the author, would call him our “Brother Martin,” and wish him mighty well for all his days.

JOHN E. WHITE, D. D.

AN INTERESTING MAN.

The author of this book is an interesting man. He has done something wrong; that makes him interesting. He confesses his guilt. A confession is always interesting. Sinners as we are, we wonder what evil the other man has done. We listen, or we read with interest, but better still, we note that the author has learned, or is learning, by "means of evil that good is best." This book is a product of that experience, and by happy choice in its title suggests how "out of evil good may come." Instead of being a condemnation of penal confinement, it is an able defense of it. The prison has been a means of grace; solitude has turned the man's thoughts inward; leisure has given rein to his imagination; reflection has lent its aid and given to fancy atmosphere and wings. He soars to higher things.

With all these elements of interest, *THE CHRYSALIS* goes forth with a message to struggling men. It is not a tract or a history, but a lyric poem, telling of what one man has thought and wrought. Out of his suffering he is able to sing a song of hope and faith and courage. Others, more fortunate, but bearing each his cross, may be inspired by this example and say, "What man has done that man can do again."

It is the old lesson newly told—out of darkness comes light; out of error—truth; out of death—life; out of prison—freedom and righteousness.

Let us trust that the man who teaches has learned his lesson and can use his freedom nobly.

Better than the book is the man behind the book.

Let us wait and see what he can make of his life. He has made so much out of defeat and bitterness. we look with interest to see what he will make of joy and gladness.

An elder prisoner spoke of “fighting a good fight, running the course and of keeping the faith.” This sentiment, a modern writer has turned into verse. Let us quote a poem to a poet and make it our God-speed :

“Look up and not down ;
Look forward and not back ;
Look out and not in, and lend a hand.”

JOHN R. ATKINSON,
Dean of St. Philip's Cathedral,
Atlanta, Georgia.

A TRIBUTE FROM RABBI DR. DAVID MARX.

Here is a man who has heard God's song in the night. Deprived of physical liberty, he has dared lift up his eyes to the mountains and has found in their loftier altitude that Help which pushes back nocturnal darkness and doubt, and bathes all life in light and joy. He sings in prison. His appeal is to that which is best in man. Experience has not embittered him. Nay, rather, it has ennobled him. It has given him a philosophical attitude towards the evils that befall. Like Epictetus of old, he, too, has refused to surrender that freedom of the soul which is man's rarest and noblest possession. For such men, prisons of stone and steel compel the thought how best to live so that their companions may catch the inspiration:

“Within, within, deliverance must be found;
Each one, his prison makes.”

We welcome this little book of verse, flung red hot from the soul-forge of one who, while in prison, has emancipated himself. It is a message to his fellow-men outside the walls. A perusal of its pages raises a mighty question:

“Who is a prisoner;
Who is really free?”

DAVID MARX,
Minister to The Jewish Temple.
Atlanta, Ga.

HELP THE OTHER FELLOW

—*Henry Ford*

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I.—SONGS OF THE HEART

POETRY TODAY.

A few years ago no poets were worth knowing but the dead poets. It was the prevailing idea that modern English poetry gave up the ghost when Browning and Tennyson died. All poetical currents were supposed to be dammed forever. To be sure, men and women went on writing verse, but they wrote only in a minor way, and would never be able, according to the universal superstition, to write otherwise. Poetry was not merely a neglected art. It was a lost art, a dead art, and few, indeed, were brave enough to attempt to controvert the hosts of critical Jeremiahs who vowed that it was impossible of resurrection.

Poetry, however, did not die with the death of any one poet. It cannot die. Its very essence is life. Its form and expression are immortal. It may, like any art, suffer a lapse of energy, or show a temporary lack of vitality, but anyone who has watched the progress of time through literary epochs knows that poetry is always alive and always certain to revive after periods of depression with increasing vigor. Its history is not a continuous history of uninterrupted and conspicuous triumphs. It is a record of names great and small, of eras in which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Shelley, and all the rest are interspersed with others who were no less poets because they lacked supreme greatness. But poetry did not die, and will not die when any of its great men in any era cease to write.

The present moment, however, is one to encourage every lover of poetry, and one that will convince us all of its vitality even in so sternly materialistic an age as ours. We are in the midst of a revival of poetry. Interest in it was never greater and more earnest, and this interest is in itself evidence of achievement. Criticism of poetry is as active as is poetry itself, and in England and America are living and writing many men and women upon whom the eyes of those who are looking for creative and imaginative genius are centered. If we pick up any magazine we are certain to find in it at least one poem of permanent value; if we go to the bookstore or the public library we shall have offered us any number of recently issued volumes that prove their worth by a mere glance at their contents; if we enter into conversation with those who follow the course of modern English literature we shall find recurring again and again the names of many modern poets. In fact, the discussion of poetry seems to be usurping the place not long ago given to the novel.

Who are these poets? Why should we mention or enumerate them? They are on every tongue, and the slightest word about modern poetry suffices to bring them to mind.—*Boston Transcript*.

BESIDE THE SEA.

I sat beside the sea one day,
Beside the sounding sea,
And watched the sunbeams idly play
Upon the silver sea;
And wished that I myself could be
As bright and free as they.

I sat beside the sea one night,
Beside the surging sea,
And watched the moonbeams' dancing light
Far o'er the mystic sea;
And wished again that I could be
As free as they and bright.

And as I wished, I slept and dreamed
Beside the tranquil sea,
And things were not as they had seemed
Beside the glassy sea,
For while I slept I too was free
As any star that beamed.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN PRISON.

'Tis Christmas Eve.
I sit and listen to the sleet,
Blown by the wind, my windows beat,
Yet cannot leave.

The world outside
Is happy, light, and glad, and gay;
Nor thinks not, knows not, of the way
I here abide.

No Santa Claus
Comes where I soon shall sleep
And dream, and wake, and weep;
But near me Jesus draws.

No tongue can tell
The comfort He alone can bring.
I rise triumphantly, and sing,
Deep in my prison cell.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When once a spark of love divine
Falls in the heart of womankind,
'Tis apt to burn so long,
And grow to be so strong,
That all the powers of earth and hell combined.
Cannot dislodge such holy love enshrined.

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE.

Edith, with the soft brown eyes,
Glowing as stars in distant skies,
Is gone—
And I, I am left alone.

Ethel, Nature's own sweet child,
Is gracing some far distant isle,
Gone—
While I, I am left alone.

Mabel, fair as an Orient dream,
Who, in all hearts reigned all supreme,
Mabel is gone—
But I, I am left alone.

Jennie, with eyes of wondrous blue,
Jennie, with rosebud mouth of dew,
She, too, is gone—
While I, I am left alone.

Lillian, with the hair of gold,
Finer than poet ever told,
Fair Lillian's gone—
Yet I, I am left alone.

LINES TO A ROACH.

There is a timid little roach,
That comes to see me every day.
He's very shy in his approach,
But that, I think, is just his way.

He is the only friend I have,
And I appreciate him so,
That when he takes his daily leave,
It makes me sad to see him go.

He plays at will about my feet,
And seems to feel no fear that I
Shall ever be so indiscreet
As wilfully to harm a fly.

He sometimes crawls upon my knee,
As though he fain would cheer my heart,
But gaining no response from me,
His tiny feet in haste depart.

O, little creature of that Mind,
That made all creatures here below,
In you His likeness I may find,
In you His life and image glow.

THERE'S A ROSE IN THE GARDEN FOR BABY.

There's a rose in the garden for baby;
It was born last night in the dew.
It is tender and sweet and fragrant,
But no more so my baby than you.

Its petals are soft as the zephyrs
That stream from the valleys below.
But the lips of my baby are softer
Than all the sweet zephyrs that blow.

It's as dreamy as Orient moonbeams,
A thing that all lovers must love.
But the eyes of my baby are dreamy
As the light of the stars from above.

This rose is the gem of the garden
That slumbers close down by the sea,
And mamma will bring it to baby,
As the angels brought baby to me.

One has but to read the daily papers to discover
that the race of fools is still flourishing. Let him who
reads this form his own conclusions.

Be careful how you do denounce
A thing because the papers do;
Some papers "yellow" are as Bouncee;
Don't let them change your color, too.

TOILERS.

The toilers of the fields go forth
To sow, and till, and reap;
And bless the world with double worth—
Themselves, and others keep.

The toilers in the field of thought
Go forth at morn and eve.
They, too, have labored and have wrought
That others might receive.

No man, who's worthy of the name,
Will turn from him away,
Who's weak and worn, and sick and lame,
And helpless in the fray.

We are a common brotherhood,
And each should work for all,
That in our strength of true manhood
The weakest may not fall.

Charity, when administered by its own hand, is
a sweet morsel, but when administered by the hand of
hirelings, 'tis a bitter pill.

However homely be the face
Of any man or woman here,
If charity their hearts doth grace,
Their presence brings the angels near.

MY BABY GIRL.

I know a dainty little girl,
With big blue eyes and golden hair;
With teeth just like two strings of pearl,
And dimpled cheeks, as roses fair.

To me, this child is all in all:
The light of, what was once, my home,
Her spotless hands, divinely small,
Are beck'ning now for me to come.

Ah, me, this charming little Miss,
Who so absorbs my every thought,
Must never know just why it is
Her outstretched hands avail her naught.

She knows that I've been gone for long,
And that I have not once returned;
And thinks, perhaps—for she's so young—
That her devoted love is spurned.

That day will be a happy day,
That swings ajar this ponderous door,
And starts me on my homeward way,
To see my baby girl once more.

Yes, just to hold my child again
Within my arms, and kiss her oft'—
Whose lips are yet without a stain;
Whose little hands are yet so soft.

This living hope doth more than pay
Me for long years of bitter sorrow;
Doth make life's way a brighter way,
And tint with gold each new tomorrow.

LOUISE.

When I am tired, and worn, and weak,
And difficult to please,
If I can but one moment speak
With beautiful Louise,

I'm rested and am strong again,
And cured of my disease.
Am free from every ache and pain,
Redeemed by fair Louise.

There is no other antidote
So with my soul agrees,
As just one charming little note
From my divine Louise.

Her happy smiles and laughing eyes
So on my fancy seize,
That I am caught to Paradise
When I am with Louise.

All pleasures found on land and sea,
Do little but displease.
If I cannot among them see
My glorious Louise.

II.—SONGS OF LIFE

TAKE ME BACK.

Take me back to the olden days,
Back to the golden days,
When I was a boy with my brothers;
And played on the sunny mead
Down by the Runnymede,
And joyed in the love that was mother's.

Take me back to the wildwood,
The scenes of my childhood;
Back where the sun ever beams,
To the time of my youthfulness,
Age of pure truthfulness,
Hours of my boyhood dreams.

When the moments grew dreary,
And I was a-weary
With boyish delights and play;
Beneath the green willow
On the grass for a pillow,
I dreamed the bright hours away.

FROM A PRISON CELL.

There is no hour so dark, so black,
As that which turns the memory back
To scenes and deeds we thought we had
Forever buried with the dead.
A thing once done can never die;
It boots not how serene the sky
May spread and smile above our head;
A thing once done is never dead.
The best way to undo the deed
That makes our heart and conscience bleed
Is just to look above and say:
I will pursue a better way.
A man, no matter how debased,
Or low, or fallen, or disgraced,
Can rise above his yesterdays,
By deeds today all men must praise.
One thing we men must not forget:
We owe all mankind the debt
Of service and of friendship true—
Who pays this debt must live anew,
And this his high record shall be—
A freeman of eternity.



HIS FIRST "PINCH"

With acknowledgment to American Sunday Magazine.

BENEATH THE STARS—LOUISE.

I walked beneath the stars one night,
And watched them as they glittered bright,
Far in the distant blue;
And thought, as on I bent my way,
Night sometimes brings more cheer than day.
A voice said: "This is true!"

The breeze was gentle, fresh and cool,
Caressed my face, danced o'er the pool,
And kissed the woodland flowers.
It sped the night-birds on their wing,
It helped them fly, and helped them sing
Away the golden hours.

The Crescent of the sky was out,
And sailed along her wonted route
With dignity and grace.
She smiled on Nature, smiled on me,
Smiled on the ancient, stalwart tree
Where was my trysting place.

GLADNESS.

Day breaks, and o'er the eastern hills
The little sunbeams stray
Along the merry, babbling rills,
And kiss them as they play.

The flowers, slumbering in the vales,
Awaking from their dreams,
Bow gently to the passing gales,
And bathe in dew-born streams.

The joyous lark, with music fills
The fragrant morning air,
And soars above the sun-lit hills
That stand eternal there.

And so in this good world of ours,
We may in gladness dwell,
If we will, like the birds and flowers,
Learn Nature's lessons well.

EASTER.

The bells of Easter are ringing,
The birds of Easter are singing,
The flowers of Easter are clinging
 Around the hearts of men;
Are ringing, singing and clinging
 Within the hearts of men.
The angels of Easter are winging
Their way from Heaven, bringing
 Gladness to all again;
And Easter lilies are springing
 Where thorns and thistles have been.

The large officiousness of small officials would be almost piteous were it not so ludicrous.

Just watch poor Willie Wimple strut;
 He has a place wherein he can
 Lord it over another man,
And he's a wondrous wonder, but—

With all his faults we love him still;
 He's not as bad as we may think,
 For Willie has to eat and drink,
And needs his job to pay the bill.

BABY HAS COME.

Baby has come!
Let all the guests look bland;
And to attention stand,
For a monarch's in the land;
Baby has come.

Baby has come!
Put all the books away,
Prepare to let them stay,
Till he has had his say;
Baby has come.

Baby has come!
Cease from all conversation,
Except ejaculation
Of perfect adoration;
Baby has come.

Baby has come!
Let angels fold their wings,
While mamma softly sings—
A sight, methinks, for kings;
Baby is asleep.



LITTLE MAY

LITTLE MAY.

A little blue-eyed girl of seven,
Approached me on the avenue;
(She looked a creature just from Heaven),
And asked, "Please, may I speak to you?"

I stroked her on her curly head,
And answered, "Certainly, my dear."
She tip-toed to my ear and said,
"I want to cross the street, but fear,

"That should I try it all alone,
I might be trampled on, you see,
For since my darling mamma's gone,
There's no one now to care for me."

I asked, "Where has she gone, sweet child?"
She answered me—this tot of seven—
With eyes that swam in tears, yet smiled,
"My mamma? Why she's gone to Heaven.

"She went a long, long time ago;
But just before she went away,
She called her May (that's me, you know),
And said I, too, should come some day.

"My mamma, she was good to me,
And always called me Little Love.
But as she talked, she seemed to see
Some friends who called to her above.

“O, I remember, just as well,
She pointed upward to the skies;
And then a silence round us fell,
And mamma gently closed her eyes.

“She never spoke to me again;
Then some one carried me away,
And told me she was free from pain,
And that she’d come for me some day.

“But no one yet has come for me,
And I have often wondered why;
For mamma surely said that she
Would come for me whenever I

“Got lonely, and should want to come
To be with her, no more to part;
And that she’d never leave me home,
But press me always to her heart.”

The tiny miss looked up and sighed,
As thus she told her tale of woe.
And then, impulsively, she cried:
“Don’t leave me, sir, O, please don’t go.”

She’d said enough. I could no more
Have left that child than I could fly.
I led her to a cottage door
That opened on a street hard by.

It was a gloomy place enough;
And they who had her in their care,
Were kind, perhaps, albeit rough,
And most repellent in their air.

They told me they were very poor,
And that they scarcely could provide
A livelihood, nor could insure
A proper home for her beside.

I asked those people then and there,
If they would give the child to me.
They said, "The Lord has heard our prayer.
Take her, kind sir, we both agree."

Then round my neck May wound her arms,
And seemed content to ne'er depart.
Since then she's wove ten thousand charms
Around my very inmost heart.

And as the days go rolling by,
I love this Little May of mine
So much her every little sigh
Seems like a voice of the Divine.

I often take her by the hand,
And lead her through the parks and lanes;
And oft as 'neath the stars we stand,
We hear, or think we hear, sweet strains

Of music floating from the spheres
That swing in distant fields of space;
And gazing upward, through our tears,
We think we see her mamma's face.

And then she says she wants to rest;
And I am quick to take the hint.
I fold her tightly to my breast,
And on her lips a kiss imprint.

I've read in ancient books somewhere,
That angels walked the earth of yore;
But thought that Heaven would never share
Her angels with us mortals more.

But as I watch this fragile flower
Of purity and innocence,
I cannot help but see each hour,
The gracious ways of Providence.

And if I may be pardoned here
I'll speak this little maxim true:
If you would have the angels near,
Receive them when they come to you.

I mean to lead my Little May,
That came to me when she was seven,
Along life's pure and perfect way.
To join her mamma up in Heaven.

All men are witnesses of Nature, and she unfolds her panorama to every beholder; and he sees most who can best read her manifold inscriptions. A wise man is delighted with her story, and will be a faithful witness of what he sees and hears; but the fool turns critic, will not be instructed, and is, therefore, engulfed in his own folly.

Whoever listens to the voice
Of Nature's glorious strain,
Will others and himself rejoice,
In her eternal reign.

A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

To the dear land of the South—
Where the mockingbirds sing sweetest,
Where the white magnolias blossom,
And the maidens are petitest,
Where the white rose is the whitest,
And the blue skies are the bluest,
And the men are always gallant
And fair women's hearts are truest—
I returned from many wanderings,
Through the snow fields of the North,
To pass my days in pleasure
In the land that gave me birth.
Where I, with my sweet sisters,
In childhood's happy days,
Strolled mid the fragrant orange groves
Beneath their perfumed sprays.

The pine trees sing the same sweet song
They sang long years ago,
Beside the laughing waters, where
The cotton blossoms blow.
The cottage on the hillside,
Run o'er with clinging vine,
Looks pleasant in the pale moonlight,
And in the broad sunshine.
But, O the changes Time has wrought:
When I last stood before

That friendly house when but a boy,
There met me at the door
The smiling face and virgin heart
Of gentle, blue-eyed May,
Whose tender form now lies beneath
A mound of rose-wreathed clay.

I sought the spot, where rests in peace
The girl I loved so well,
And by the sacred mound, alone,
Upon my knees I fell.
Then suddenly there came to me
A vision wondrous fair;
The girl I loved so long ago,
In memory met me there.
Methought she looked the same as when
I last beheld her face;
Since then, the little church-yard there
Has been my trysting place,
Where oft, in stilly hours of night,
Alone, I bend my way,
To meet in memory's realm again
My darling blue-eyed May.

MEMORIAM—VIRGINIA.

Seven and twenty years ago
You opened first those wondrous eyes
Upon the white December snow.

O, dark-eyed beauty of the vale,
When first I saw you in your teens,
You were as blithesome as a gale
That blows upon fair sylvan scenes.

I saw you first one moon-lit night
In Old Sylvania's vine-clad groves.
You were a Paradisean light
That lit me to the land of Loves.

I followed you to the cool spring,
Where you, with other girls had gone.
They left to hear the night-birds sing,
And you and I were there alone. * * * *

Ah, yes, perhaps, we loved too well;
Our fond hearts were so intertwined;
To disenchant us from the spell,
Envy and cruel Fate combined.

They drove us from each other when
The parting was like death to me:
And what of joy I've seen since then
Is but in nightly dreams of thee.

The hand of death struck your fair form,
And plucked it from the world for aye;
But your pure soul, so true, so warm,
Soared up beyond the distant sky.

In day-dreams, oft as in the night,
I hold communion with that love,
That gilds my darkest hours with light
That streams from your bright eyes above.

O, angel of the upper spheres,
All radiant with thy spotless charms,
Immune from earth's unhappy tears,
And free from all of earthly harms—

Be thou my Star of Hope, my guide,
To light me o'er the Stygian Sea,
And lead me through the stormy tide
To where all storms have ceased to be.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

I sat within a lonely place,
And with my thoughts was all alone.
I could not see one human face,
Nor hear the voice of any one.

But thoughts are persons; and they came
And helped me pass the hours away.
They told me things that put to shame
The history of each passing day.

So in my loneliness I found
That I could not quite lonely be,
While such as they were grouped around,
Contented to converse with me.

They were arrayed in every form
That mortal eye has ever seen.
Their discourse my lone heart did charm
To realms angelic and serene.

They told me much that I had known
For years, but told them in such style,
That as I sat with them alone,
I could but at my ignorance smile.

I wondered why I had not seen
The splendid gems that lay around;
And questioned why the dusty screen
Had not been levelled to the ground.

But such an obtuse thing is man,
And such a slave to idols old,
'Tis hard to keep him in the van
Where ever should be found the bold.

One in resplendent garments clad,
Stood by my side, and said, "My son,
Why look so worn, cast down, and sad,
As though the world were all undone?"

"Things are not wrong, they only seem
To be; 'tis you, yourself, that's wrong.
Shake off mad folly's mortal dream,
And join the world's triumphant throng."

Another came with smiling face,
And took me by the hand and led
Me to a most exalted place,
Which when we reached all discord fled.

She raised her hand, all spotless white,
And said, "Behold the glorious day,
Arrayed in pure, celestial light,
To light the pilgrim on his way.

"Whoever dwells upon this peak
Of happiness and sweet content,
Shall hear the tongues of angels speak—
The angels God, Himself, hath sent."

I listened, and there came such strains
As made the very hills rejoice.
They swept across the verdant plains
That smiled to hear such golden voice.

I heard the words and caught the notes,
And fled from mental parsimony.
Since then, my spirit lives and floats
In realms of sweetest harmony.

The world is right, for God is right.
The ills we see, do not exist
In Heaven's clear, immortal light,
But fade away in mortal mist.

The real man, the God-made man,
Is like his Maker, and must be
Immortal, pure, sublime and grand,
And from all sin and discord free.

The man who represents the race
Of man immortal, man divine,
Reflects the goodness and the grace
That from the Mind of Heaven shine.

The very thought that points our hope
Above the mists of matter here,
Sustains us as we upward grope
Our way to Life's unchanging sphere.

We have for ages trod the way
Of thorns and thistles and the mire;
But night is giving place to day
That glows with Truth's celestial fire.

Disease and sin no more remain
Beneath the burning of that light,
Than shadows can themselves sustain
When reft of substance in the night.

QUEEN OF ATALANTA.

For years I roamed the world alone,
In every land beneath the sun,
And dropped at times Grief's bitter tear,
Because I was so friendless here.
Oft on the fair and fragrant fields
Where roses bloom and slumber steals
All sadness from the wanderer's heart.
In some sweet dream I would up-start
To clasp an image that I'd seen,
As fair as Atalanta's Queen.
I was alone, and friendless quite,
But followed ever in the light
That radiant shown from her dark eyes,
As clear as Oriental skies.
It does not matter where I go,
Somehow, I always seem to know,
Somewhere within the landscape fair,
The form of Atalanta's there.
About her pure ethereal form,
There cling a halo and a charm,
That free me from the time and place,
Because I've looked on her fair face.
Though tempests howl, and thunders roll,
And rocked, as is the sea, my soul,
When she descends upon the scene,
All things become again serene.
Sometimes when clouds have darksome grown,
And I am with myself alone,
I looked beyond the Stygian night.

And see glad beams of roseate light,
And floating on those shimmering beams,
A vision fair as midnight dreams
Is reaching spotless hands to me,
And I am from the darkness free.
Such is the woman I adore;
A woman pure and saintly more
Than all the angel hosts above—
The only being that I love.
Not all the Beauties of the Past,
Not all their wit and grace enmassed,
Compare with Atalanta's queen,
Whose name is writ these lines between.

A poet once sang:

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so.”

He omits to inform us, however, just what muse inspired him to such sentiments. I have often asked myself whether if dogs, when they fight, do so in imitation of men, or men, when they fight, do so in imitation of dogs; for surely dogs, when they fight, are no more man-like, than men, when they fight, are dog-like.

Most faithful, far, of brute-beast friends
The dog has proved to be;
In trying times he never sends
A substitute—not he;
But to the front himself he goes,
And fights with you your bitterest foes.

WINTER AND SPRING.

A Prose Poem.

WINTER.

When ancient Winter embarks upon his
Ice-clad ship, moving with all sails spread, and
Driven madly before the wild blasts of
The North, challenging the Sun to meet him
In open battle, then is a spectacle
Of nature worthy to be witnessed by
The gods. The stately trees, all decked in verdant
Foliage, disrobe themselves before his
Progress, and stand uncovered before his
Sovereign sway. Gay-feathered songsters hie
Them southward, filling the air with thrilling
Notes of hasty abdication. Still on and on
Races the biting ship, spreading her spotless
Carpet in her wake, until King Sol, as if
Exasperated by further encroachment,
Rises in his might, surveys the progress
Of his ancient rival, unfurls his golden
Flag, waves his scintillating scepter, and
Cries: Halt! So far, but no farther. Then halts
The grizzled monarch of the North, looks about
Him, and retreats to a safer distance,
Where he mounts his throne of eternal snow,
And reigns in icy grandeur, till his appointed
Time. Throughout his vast domains, all Nature
Stands stark and stiff. The sighing trees, so lately

Robbed of their emerald robes, are draped with
Chains of diamonds, that glitter in the
Boreal light. And then more diamonds,
And yet more, until they break and fall beneath
Their alien robes. Not wealth of precious stones,
They seem to say, but wealth of loving warmth,
Is that for which we long. Not chilling winds,
That bite like adder's stings, but gentle zephyrs,
Blown hither from sun-kissed isles, will comfort us
More than all the glittering diamonds
That festoon themselves about the Arctic Throne.
Stern Winter, with his reign of ice,
Would drive the saints from Paradise.

SPRING.

How different now! But yesterday, these
Tall trees were shrouded in winding-sheets, as
If for burial. Today, the warm blood courses
Through their veins again, and they are rising
Into life. It is their resurrection day.
Warm winds, laden with the aroma of
Tropic isles, have snapped their chains and kissed
Them back to consciousness. Tiny leaves peep
Out, and wave their little hands in soft acclaim.
Unnumbered songsters flit from bough to bough,
And hold high carnival on every hand.
It is the Grand Opera of the woods.
Buzzing bees, and butterflies of gold, slake
Their thirst at the founts of new-born flowers.
Sweet-scented violets lift their fresh lips
To the passer-by, as if inviting
A kiss of love. Great roses, blushing like

The cheeks of tender maidens, are only
Less beautiful, because less instinct with life.
Where yesterday, long serpentine-like paths
Of ice wound their frigid coils down the barren
Vales, clear babbling brooks, today sing on their
Way to the sea. The Sun, smiling down from
His throne in the heavens, seems to say: Sing on
Sweet streams, and carry your notes of joy to
The ends of the earth. Go, publish to the
Whole world the nuptial feast of Nature. All
Things are in love, and their kind shall be increased.
The usurper has fled to his ancient
Abode, and the Kingdom is restored to
Its rightful lord. And this is Spring. All hail!
When gracious Spring, her gifts has given,
The earth becomes a kind of Heaven.

Centuries of example have not yet convinced the powers that be of the futility of punishment. Where one man has been reformed by punishment a thousand have been reformed by mercy. Human nature rebels against coercion. It is not difficult to lead, but very difficult to drive, a man. Drive men and you will not easily gain your ends. Lead them and you will accomplish wonders. Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, Luther, and others who have accomplished things in the world, were leaders, not drivers of men.

RHYME AND REASON.

Surround me with good books and I am in the midst
of heavenly guests.

If you would have a secret kept, keep it. A thing
once told is apt to be twice told.

'Tis great wisdom to know that we do not know
what others sometimes think we know.

Great questions should not be estimated by the mo-
tives of those who advocate them, but rather by the
principles they involve.

In applying for a position don't begin by telling
your prospective employer how much pull you have.
Employers usually prefer a man who has push.

If what I did yesterday seemed right and good when
I did it, then I did well; but if today's experiences
prove it otherwise I will undo all and do better still.

If, when a man steals my purse, I lose my good
temper, I am become a greater robber than he, for he,
indeed, has robbed me of earthly treasures, but I have
robbed myself of divine ones.

Fine clothes are fine to behold when they enfold
a beautiful character, but wrap them about a dead
man and they are the charnel house of loathsomeness.

A man has become pretty abject when he is compelled to bow to the salute of other men, but the man who exacts such servility of any human being is a greater wretch than he who is forced to give it.

The proof of a man's godliness does not lie in what he professes to be, but in what he really is. Not in the way he urges other men to live, but in the way he lives himself.

If a friend take a liberty with me it is a pleasantry, and shall be appreciated. If a stranger take the same liberty it is a familiarity and should be repulsed, while if an enemy do the same it is an insult, and should be—ignored.

In the upward trend of events three things are hastening to become fixed among us, namely, woman suffrage, the abolition of the open saloon, and the disarmament of all civilized nations. Come they must, and come they will. To him who can discern the signs of the times there is no escaping this conclusion.

We should bear in mind that, going to prison does not degrade a man, it only publishes his degradation. The man, if guilty, has degraded himself before going there. There are, doubtless, thousands who have thus degraded themselves, but who have not yet, and, perhaps, never will, go to prison. But some time, some where, and in some way, their sins will find them out. The accounts of all men must be balanced. This is the law from which there is no final escape.

III.—SONGS OF THE SOUL

MAXIMS.

As man in Wisdom's ways advances,
He learns to master circumstances.

He runs not into pessimism,
Because of adverse criticism.

He shrinks not from the hardest knocks
Hurled at him by the orthodox.

He is too strong to be so weak,
As base revenge to ever seek.

Who long in Wisdom's path has trod,
Will bend his knee to none, save God.

Though humble, he is not abject,
But stands with head and heart erect.

At once too noble and too great
To bow to Chance or yield to Fate.

He is a stranger to defeat,
Because a stranger to conceit.

* * * * *

Nothing is holy, nothing true,
That doth not Prejudice eschew.

LOOK AGAIN.

While I sat within my den
Thinking of the ways of men,
Suddenly there came a thought,
Suddenly and all unsought,
Instructing me that if I would,
I could always see some good
In the very worst of men
If I'd only look again.
When the man with shackled hand
Looms before you, understand
That, perhaps, if you had been
In his place, and all unseen,
You, too, might have dealt the blow
That has caused his overthrow.
Circumstances have to do
With men's actions more than you
Sometimes even dream or think,
Causing deeds from which we shrink.
When the captor's clanking chain
Binds him, always look again.
And remember, if you will,
You behold a brother still.

SOLITUDE.

I love the hour of solitude,
That shuts me from the multitude.
Just with myself to be alone,
When earthly things too small have grown.

'Tis in such hours as this I find
Communion with the Higher Mind,
And gain an access to the Heart
Of which I am so small a part.

The angels of the thought-world come
And deign to make with me their home;
Converse with me in language rare,
That makes my life a Heaven here.

I see what they can never see
Who pass their time in city throngs;
Am free as they can never be,
To sing the world's eternal songs.

Some self-made men are only the more inglorious
for their making.

If you must make yourself, good sir,
Be sure you make good work of it;
And see thou always do prefer
Strong manhood to a weakling's wit.

THE HEART I LOVE.

I love the heart of fortitude;

The heart of courage, strong and brave;
That walks the path of rectitude,
And spurns the trick of every knave.

I love the heart that is sincere;

The heart on which we can depend;
That scorns the coward's cringing fear:
The heart that serves a noble end.

I love the heart that's filled with hope;

That never stops to moan and mope;
That sees beyond the darkest night,
The coming of the morning light.

The prisoner has but one true friend—

A friend, regardless of his crime;
That helps him always to the end—
We call him by the name of Time.

SOCIAL SELFISHNESS.

Have pity on the man who lives
And spends his time in selfish ways;
Who never speaks, nor ever gives
A kindly word through all his days.

Go see yon hermit in his den,
Observe his every selfish move;
He keeps apart from other men,
Because for them he has no love.

He thinks of them, but never tries
To think of them as human brothers.
And thus he spends his days, and dies,
Without the joy of helping others.

He thought of self, and self alone,
And brooded o'er his cares and trials,
And never heard the anxious groans
Of others in their self-denials.

He lives the best, who lives and hopes,
And reaches out a helping hand
To him who in the darkness gropes,
In quest of life's eternal strand.

IMAGINATION.

O, divine Imagination,
Winged spirit of vast creation,
That fill'st all the earth, and sea, and sky,
Though all unseen by mortal eye,
We lift our song in praise to thee,
Who dost alone our spirit free.
Oftimes, when bowed beneath a weight
Of mundane cares—man's cruel fate—
Thou com'st, a messenger of peace,
And givest us a sweet release.
The poorest beggar of us all
Can tread the gilded palace hall,
And pay his court to queens and kings,
Borne thither on thy gracious wings.
The woodsman from his humble lodge,
Can stroll into the Talma Haj,
And hold high converse with the great,
Who in its corridors have sate;
Or rising on the golden beams
Of thy eternal, happy dreams,
Can soar into the very skies,
And stroll the streets of Paradise.
Can visit planets, suns and stars,
Or be a hero in the wars
That rock the world with storm and strife,
Giving cold death, and taking life,
The starv'ling bard who craves for bread,
Upon thy ample wings is led
To taste of viands rare and sweet,

Where he may eat his fill, and eat
The choicest meat the world affords—
A guest of earth's most pompous lords.
Great Milton, groping in the night,
Upon Imagination's flight,
Dropped down to Hell, flew up to Heaven,
And to the world his song was given;
Unrivalled epic, awful, grand,
That shall through all the ages stand,
A monumental, classic tower
To human genius, force and power.
By thy assistance and thy aid,
The rustic finds himself arrayed
In silken stuffs and costly gems,
Fit for earth's royal diadems.
The church devotee on the wing
Soars up to where the angels sing;
The Musselman mounts up and flies
To black-eyed maids of Paradise,
The Redman roams upon thy beams
To Happy Hunting-grounds, and dreams
Of antelope and antlered deer,
That fall before his well-aimed spear.
Fond lovers in thy kind embrace,
Stroll out to their sweet trysting place,
And press soft hands, and heave soft sighs,
While gazing into love-lit eyes.
The prisoner, forgot, alone,
Where friendship's voice is never known,
By thy assistance, quits his den,
And breathes sweet Freedom's air again.

WASHINGTON.

However great may be the hour of need,
God will provide a master-hand to lead.
Though clouds hang heavy overhead, and all
The world seems doomed to a disastrous fall,
Before the crash can come, someone appears,
Who safely through the storm the good ship steers.
Such was the urgent need when Washington
Unsheathed his sword, baptized in Freedom's sun.
Through long and trying years he lent his hand,
To build a country that should ever stand
A monument to Freedom's holy cause,
And rightly won the world's sincere applause.
And now, when many years have passed away,
The great Republic that he reared, today
Stands forth, the giant empire of the West,
With open arms to all who are oppressed.
And nations yet unborn, shall rise to sing
The praise of Washington, true Freedom's king!

DUALITY.

How strange a thing is mortal man.
Today he seems almost sublime,
But what we cannot understand,
Next day we find him steeped in crime.

Today he's noble, great and grand.
His character is firm and strong.
But what we cannot understand,
Next day he's sunk in shame and wrong.

Today he's famed throughout the land,
As one who wears an honored name,
But what we cannot understand,
Next day he's overwhelmed in shame.

Today we find him in command
Of other men, commanding well.
But what we cannot understand,
Next day he's in the pits of Hell.

Today he wields a mighty hand,
To do the most heroic thing,
But what we cannot understand,
Next day his hand's a serpent's sting.

Some day, perhaps, when we are caught
Above the soft and shifting sand,
And have in wiser ways been taught;
Then we, perhaps, will understand.

EVIDENCES OF GOD.

Amid the silent watches of the night,
Or in the glow of noonday's streaming light,
I hear the voice of God, and see His hand,
As visibly as foot-prints on the sand.
There is no tree that decks the wilderness,
But grows alone, His children here to bless.

In every rose, whose fragrance fills the air,
I see his loving-kindness smiling there.
In every note the joyous song-birds make,
'Tis made for our Creator's creatures' sake.
On every tidal wave that sweeps the sea,
His voice, above the din, speaks peace to me.

In every word of kindness that I hear,
'Tis His own voice that whispers in my ear,
Sweet words of love, that "casteth out all fear."

HEART OF HEAVEN.

O, Heart of Heaven, breathe on me
Thy fragrant breath of purity.
Chasten my soul, and make of me,
A freeman of eternity.

O, Heart of Heaven, lead me ever,
In the way that I should go.
And may my very least endeavor
From Thy love and wisdom flow.

O, Heart of Heaven, take my heart,
And make it of Thine own a part.

MAUDE MINING.

Where you are, brown-eyed Maude Mining,
Sunbeams bright, are brightest shining.

When your silvery voice is ringing,
Sweetest song-birds all are singing.

And wherever you are sitting,
Golden butterflies are flitting.

When you're in the wildwood roaming,
Wood-nymphs hover in the gloaming.

When you're plucking flowers the while,
Fairies gather round and smile.

Birds and blossoms and the host
Of the forest seem to boast

Of your loveliness so rare,
Strolling in the woodland there.

When you're on the lake canoeing,
All the sea-gods go a-wooing.

And when you're with me, Maude Mining,
All my clouds have silver lining.

The experiences of men have been about the same since the world began. Some few rise above their fellows, like the peak of some towering mountain; but even they are not without their peers. For every Homer, the world will produce a Shakespeare; for every Plato, a Bacon or an Emerson; for every Demosthenes there arises a Cicero, and for every Judith a Charlotte Corday. For every Alexander a Napoleon is found, and for every Deborah, a Jeanne d'Arc. Solomon seems to have spoken the universal truth when he said, "There is nothing new under the sun."

CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is a Consciousness, we reck too little of,
Would guide our every act, or small or great.
That fain would lead us up from low to high resolve—
Unknown alike, to Superstition, Chance and Fate.

There is a Consciousness, vouchsafed to every man,
Would blaze our path, the way that we should go;
And lead us—our good angel—by the hand,
And fill our lives with wisdom we should know.

This Consciousness, born with us from above,
Is all of Right, of Life, of Heaven and Love.

The above poem is considered by the Author as the
best he has yet been able to do.

THOUGHTS.

The thoughts that I have thought today,
Perhaps, are wise, and yet, they may
Be each a vain, a worthless thought,
That in this world must count for naught.

O, Spirit of Eternal Right,
My mind illumine with the light,
That whatsoe'er I think or do,
May to myself, at least, be true.

If this be so, then I may hope,
That in my vision's broadest scope,
Some good for others I may find,
Drawn from the Universal Mind.

For unto others I would live,
That unto others I may give,
Somewhat that's holy, good and true,
And thus, with them, myself renew.

In serving others, I best serve
That which is Right; nor would I swerve
From that high path of rectitude,
To pander to the multitude.

So let me live, O, Lord; and be
My every thought and act for Thee.

A VISITATION OF ANGELS.

They came and stood around my bed.
And as I slept they softly said:
“Sleep sweetly on, and take thy rest,
And may thy dreams be doubly blest.”
Their pure eyes gazing into mine,
Shone like bright stars of the Divine.
Their flowing locks of golden hair,
Played loosely in the fragrant air.
They smoothed my pillow, kissed my face,
And filled my soul with Heavenly peace.
My dreams were roseate as the flowers
That blossom in the spring-time hours.
Each gentle touch of some fair hand,
Transported me to Fairyland.
Their snowy robes, all spotless white,
Were radiant with celestial light.
The glorious group, so wondrous fair,
Bent over me in holy prayer,
Then spread their wings and softly flew
Away into the ether blue.
“’Twas but a dream,” the cynics say.
O, Lord, send more such dreams, I pray.

MOTHER.

There is no other
Name in all the Universe
Which men so fondly do rehearse
As that of Mother.

When in our infancy,
We rest upon her tender breast
Like tiny birdlings in their nest,
We feel her constancy.

In childhood's golden gleams,
We are permitted most to share
Her tender love and gentle care—
Source of our fondest dreams.

And when we reach the years
Of manhood's manly strength and might,
Her love, like some celestial light,
Smiles down our troubled tears.

When every earthly friend
Has turned from us in bitter scorn,
And left us, lonely and forlorn,
She loves us to the end.

WE MAY NOT KNOW.

We may not know,
When passing through a crowded street,
That some of those we chance to meet,
Have hearts bent low,
And eyes that sometimes fill with tears,
Because of circumstantial fears—
We may not know.

We may not know,
When talking in a lighter vein,
That other hearts are wrung with pain,
That yet would glow,
If we would lend a helping hand
To lift them from the sinking sand—
We may not know.

But we may know,
That when we do a kindly deed
To sorrow-laden souls in need,
Christ will bestow
A gracious blessing, full and free,
For "Ye have done it unto me"—
Yes, we may know.

YE STARS—AN INVOCATION.

Ye glittering stars, that smile and glow
Upon us mortals here below;
Ye silent spectators of man,
Since immemorial time began,
Will ye not heed my earnest cry,
And answer me from out the sky,
And tell me when earth's race shall be
From selfishness and sin made free?
How long shall man be cursed by man?
Tell me, I pray ye, if you can;
Ye, who have watched our little earth,
And known us from remotest birth,
Can surely light us to the day,
And guide us to a better way.
Is not the time approaching near,
When every one who dwelleth here
Shall turn away from self, and be
A worker for eternity?
For this we hope, for this we pray,
Light us, ye stars, along the way.

NOBLE DEEDS.

I would that I could take my pen,
And paint a picture true to life,
Of all the ways of mighty men
Who fight and conquer in the strife.

Some men there be who grandly fall
While battling for the cause of right,
And thus they answer to the call
Of councils in the world of light.

The lives of such men never fail,
But do forevermore ascend
To help the falt'ring and the frail,
To deeds that have a noble end.

And when at last their flag is furled,
And they are called beyond the sky,
Their deeds remain to bless the world,
For noble actions never die.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRISONER



"FIFTY-FIFTY"

With acknowledgment to Hal Coffman

THE PRISONER: HIS PAST, PRESENT
AND FUTURE.

THE PRISONER.

The prisoner, for anything we know to the contrary, is almost as old as the human race. According to the Hebrew Scripture, the first man ever born in this world, turned murderer. He slew his brother. In this respect, all other murderers resemble the first slayer; for whosoever takes the life of a human being, kills his brother. In the case of this first murderer, Jehovah, Himself, was constable, witness, prosecutor, judge and jury. And the manner in which He disposed of the case is worthy of note. He did not sentence the prisoner to be hanged; He did not sentence him to life imprisonment. He placed a mark upon him—a mark which has not been effaced to this day—and he became an outcast, his own conscience maintaining his awful exile forever. Now, as then, this is the price of capital crime. Another prisoner we read of in the same Scriptures, Joseph by name, was, according to his own story, innocent. Modern prisoners are not unlike him in this respect. According to their own stories, most of them, like Joseph, are innocent of crime for which they have been convicted and imprisoned. Fortunately for the prisoner, and, we believe, for society, a brighter day is dawning for him. First of all, the prisoner is a human being, and the world is beginning to recognize this fact. He has not always been so regarded, or at least he has not always been so treated. In former years, to be a

prisoner, meant to be a sufferer of the most unspeakable tortures. For every crime that he was adjudged to have committed against society, society committed a thousand against him. Revenge, and not reform, seemed to be the sole aim of society against its delinquents. To the everlasting shame of our civilization, this idea obtains somewhat today, but it is breaking down and giving way—before a more enlightened sense of humanity, and a more comprehensive view of moral rights, even of a convict, upon the basis that he is still a human being. So that today, instead of brutalizing the prisoner, charitable men and women in more civilized centers of the world, are lending a hand to accomplish his reform by kind and merciful treatment, and to the credit of our more advanced prison officials, be it said, they are nobly and generously co-operating, with the result that many penal institutions of today, are sanitariums for the cure of disease, rather than prisons for punishment of crime.

HIS PAST.

Like most other persons, perhaps a little more so, the prisoner has a "Past." In many cases, it was just that which brought him to prison. The man who steals a million, if he has no "record" (and he usually hasn't), will invariably get the minimum sentence; while the man who steals ten dollars, if he has a "record," will receive the maximum penalty. This may or may not be right; but in either case, it is an incontrovertible fact. As to its equity or injustice, each man must form his own conclusion. For every

effect there is a cause, and for every man in State's prison, there exists somewhere a cause for him being there. A wise physician, before beginning treatment seeks to ascertain the cause underlying the trouble in hand; which, if he can locate, he will endeavor to remove, knowing that if he can remove the cause, the effect will go as a consequence.

Looking into the past of the average man in prison, I have discovered the environments which surrounded him were bad. The conditions under which he existed were not any too conducive to the development of strong, healthful moral character. It is all very well for a man who has never known what it is to be in want; who has always enjoyed a good position, to boast that he would not steal; but the fact still remains an empty purse, and an empty stomach, are powerful incentives to obtaining money, if not by fair means, then by unfair ones. But, the critic will say: why should a man, in good health and sound mind, be reduced to such penury? We do not know. Perhaps drunkenness has caused it. Perhaps bad judgment in business matters, or a hasty temper, or an honest failure of a sincere effort; but whatever the cause, the fact remains that a hungry man must eat, and a ragged man must have clothing. The critic will say: Then let such a man go to his friends. A wise plan enough, if he has any to turn to. But in this age of advanced civilization, the moneyless man, is usually a friendless man. If you tell him to beg you tell him to break the law, for in our time it is considered a crime to beg; and he who does so will be sent to jail if apprehended. What then shall he do? That

question, like many others, is easier asked than answered. It is hard to say what he *shall* do; but what he *does* do is every day giving its own answer in the criminal courts of the country. The majority of this class of men are, perhaps, more unfortunate than criminal. They are too weak to hold their own in the ceaseless battle of competition. This apology will sound absurd to those who are not thus afflicted; but it is not far-fetched, and if weighed in the balance it will not be found wanting. No man knows what he will do in a crisis, until the crisis comes. "Boast not thyself against the morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

HIS PRESENT.

Of the thousands who are today in State prisons, perhaps, ninety per cent are there for theft in some form. As will be seen this class constitute the vast majority of the men and women in prison. This great army of thieves is composed of two classes, namely, the big thieves and the little thieves. In point of number, the latter greatly preponderate. As we have said in the preceding chapter, they are a class of beings, who are perhaps, more unfortunate than criminal. They are usually the victims of environments and sad conditions. It is true that man should master conditions, instead of allowing them to master him. But the distance between what a man should do and what he does do is full many a league. He has yielded to the temptation of necessity, and he is paying the penalty, and being locked in a cell and doing a

day's hard labor is the least part of that penalty. The countless humiliations, needlessly heaped upon him, the gaze of curiosity of vulgar sight-seers, and many other like things, add gall to his already overflowing cup of bitter degradation. But while this is true, it is also true that, in many prisons, there are some opportunities afforded for the mental and physical uplift of the prisoner. The up-to-date prison of today is well equipped with wholesome literature; schools, in which illiterates are instructed in the elementary branches of learning; athletic exercises, ball games, moving pictures and well-trained orchestras to furnish music for the inmates. These are all potent factors for good, and the prisoner who really desires to improve himself can leave prison at the expiration of his sentence a better man than when he entered it. The provision made in most States, and in the United States Department of Justice, for parole, is a great benefit to those who are able to qualify. There has been some criticism of the parole law, or rather the application of it, that obtains in the Federal prisons of the country. For my part, I think it is accomplishing about as much as it was ever intended to accomplish.

Society does not look upon the man who out-wits his fellows, and takes their money, with the same aversion, that it does the man who out-mans them and takes it. Yet the man who sits at his desk, in a luxuriously appointed office, and uses superior brain forces to obtain the earnings of his fellow-beings without giving them value received, is far less deserving of the mercy of the court than the man who enters a business house

and loots its money vault. Both are a menace to society, but the latter is less dangerous than the former. The latter is often driven to the deed by the pangs of hunger, while the other is but following out his cold-blooded "greed for gain." Yet, he is the type of thief who invariably gets the minimum sentence when convicted, and gets a parole as soon as he becomes eligible. As may well be imagined, such bold discrimination and partialities have anything but a salutary effect upon the great rank and file of prisoners, and the wonder lies not in the fact that they complain much, but rather that they do not complain more. However, I am of the opinion that the "Present" of the prisoner in any well ordered prison, is not as bad as many well meaning people imagine, and that he can, if he will benefit by his experience. The real battle which he has to fight, is not so much in the present as in the future. When the big gates of the prison swing ajar, and allow him to walk forth, a free man, then is the time when his real trouble begins. Of this phase of the question, we will write in the following chapter.

HIS FUTURE.

The future of the prisoner is a road hedged in with thorns. He goes out into the free world to begin the "struggle for existence," with the "scarlet letter" conspicuous upon his breast. If he goes back to his home, every one knows of his disgrace, and he is ever conscious of their knowledge. It is a fault of human beings that most of us forget what we ought to re-



UNCLE SAM TO SOCIETY—"What will you do with him?"

member, and remember what we ought to forget. A man's own friends will, as a rule, talk of his mistakes to others, and if he be an ex-convict, it is one of the first things to be said of him in public conversation. If a stranger in town chances to mention his name, and expresses a favorable opinion of him, he will be sure to hear something like the following: "Yes, Mr. Blank is a very fine man. He is prosperous in business, a good neighbor, but he served a term in the State's prison." That is, if the man with whom the stranger is talking, happens to be a friend of Mr. Blank's; but if he happens to be an enemy, then what the stranger will hear about him will be so acrimonious and scurrilous that my pen refuses to record it. The prisoner, knowing all of this, and much more, must be a brave man to bear up under it, and forge ahead to success. Some of them do succeed, however, but many fall by the wayside. The public looks upon a convict pretty much in the same way that it looks upon a wild animal. When once the wild animal is safely caged, people are disposed to show it some mercy, and even kindness. But turn it out of the cage and at once they arm themselves against it. If they cannot recapture it, they will at least shun it, and have no dealings with it. If this is true in regard to the wild animal, it is almost equally true in regard to the ex-convict. While he is in prison, he is preached to, prayed for, given holiday dinners, and the like; but the moment he is discharged from prison, the dear public arm themselves against him. Many avenues of business are closed to him, and he is constantly under surveillance. Even those

who seem to be real friends have little, or no, confidence in him, and will not recommend him to any one who needs help, unless he is willing to be labeled ex-convict in advance. As a consequence, if the ex-convict be at all sensitive, he hesitates to accept a position under such conditions. But to this dark picture there is a bright spot—not very large, indeed, but large enough to be seen—and that is the actual existence of a few real and disinterested friends, who reach out to him a helping hand to lift him and place him on the solid rock of rehabilitation. Such people cannot be too much praised. The writer knows one such person; he has heard of others. The one he knows, a lady of great refinement, and affluent circumstances, has given up all of her time to the work of uplifting, cheering and furnishing practical assistance to discharged prisoners. She visits them while they are yet in prison, talks to them face to face, and encourages them to look on the bright side of life. No prisoner is too low for her to try to lift up, no man is too bad to elicit sympathy from her. She does not give them gospels, and tracts, and ghostly advice; she gives them real money to aid them in securing employment, and secures positions for many of them herself. She is an emissary of Heaven, a real angel upon earth. By seeing her example, others are becoming interested, and I have no doubt the time is not distant, when she will have many worthy disciples. And so, notwithstanding the many and powerful obstacles to overcome, I am convinced that the prisoner who will, can succeed, and re-establish himself in the world.

PHILOSOPHICAL PARAGRAPHS.

OPINION.

Opinions and theories are of value only to the extent that they can be demonstrated. Without being able to make good their claims, they are as ludicrous as jewels in a swine's snout.

OF TWO EVILS.

Of the two evils, the fanatic in favor of religion is to be preferred to the fanatic against it. While both are intolerable boors, the one, with all his boorishness, would inculcate piety, while the other sows blasphemy and mockery.

ARTISTS.

Every man who does *one* thing well is an artist, and readily finds in any other man who can do as much (though it be an entirely different line), a feeling of true sympathy. All art is symmetry, and symmetry is harmony, and harmony is Heaven itself.

A GOOD SENTIMENT.

It was a noble sentiment of the Emperor Tao Kwang, and one which the kings and rulers of Christendom would do well to emulate, when being urged to legalize the opium traffic, he said, "I can never consent to derive an income from the vices of my subjects."

OBSERVATION.

Show me a man who is a close observer, and I will show you a well-informed man, and of liberal mind; and as his years continue his attainments accumulate and he becomes a living example of the fact that the achievements of the individual show the possibilities of the many.

LITTLENESS.

Littlestness will not long be kept hidden. The anchor required to keep it under is so frail as to not be able to stand much buffeting of the waves, and is ere long parted from its burden, which, because of its lightness, will rise to the surface, to be seen of all men.

HEREDITY.

Every person is a distinction from all other persons. The traditional law of heredity will not bear close observation, nor stand the test of science. We are more the creatures of environment than we are of heredity. Emerson, with his customary good sense, observes that, "We resemble our contemporaries more than we do our progenitors."

DISCOURAGING, YET ENCOURAGING.

One of the most discouraging features of our civilization is, that we are yet far from being civilized. If the humanity and inhumanity of the average man

could be measured by weight, which side of the balances, think you, would tip the beam? And yet this is encouraging, for a century ago the question would have been superfluous.

SUSPICIOUSNESS.

While there are many persons whose words and actions cause us to suspect their veracity and question their sincerity, yet we can not help thinking, that the man who is always suspicious of others, will himself bear watching. It is a trait common to most men to estimate others by themselves. It is not surprising, therefore, that a man who does not himself scruple at falsehood should be incredulous of the honesty of others.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is one of the most precious faculties of man; but before engaging in it, endeavor to know yourself. If you are unable to converse with men, without indulging in sarcastic disputation, then avoid it. If you are unwilling to respect the opinions of others, how can you expect them to respect your own? Good conversation exalts a man, but when it degenerates into insinuation and innuendo, it is of no advantage, and had better be left off altogether.

RHYME AND REASON.

There is no bad but hath its counter-balance in good, and the good usually overbalances the bad.

The scorn of the ignoble is a compliment, but the scorn of the just inflicts a wound difficult to heal.

The man behind us, worries us too little; the man in front of us, worries us too much. So much for human selfishness and envy.

Which, think you, is the greater sinner, he who out-mans his fellow, and takes his money, or he who out-wits him, and takes it?

When a man asks you for information, tell him what you know, but spare him from hearing what you don't know. He knows that already.

It is a noticeable fact that the man who steals for gain usually gets off with a lighter sentence than the man who steals because of necessity.

Love is the only religion. Whoever really loves is a son of God. It is the source of all life, the fountain of all truth, and the mainspring of all right action.

The genius pays the price of being isolated from other men, but he sees things which the vulgar can never see, and communes with beings unknown to the common herd.

I have rarely known a man, who, when given autocratic power, will not abuse it. When the average man becomes absolute master of other men, it is usually woe to the other men.

To cultivate a kindly feeling toward all creatures should be the aim of all men. The reward for such service is great. Others are made better, and ourselves evolved Godward.

Many people mean well, but act wrong. This arises from a want of tact or proper judgment. We should cultivate a tender regard for such, and endeavor by kindness, to lead them into a better way.

Self-centered men know not how to sacrifice the least personal desire for the well-being of others; but they will not hesitate to sacrifice the well-being of others for the least whine of their own. Beware, I say, of such a man.

“What is a *good* figure without brains?” asked the dwarfish cynic of the stately girl by his side. “Indeed,” she replied, “I know of but one thing worse.” “What is that?” he queried. “A *poor* figure without brains,” she answered.

When we put men in prison, they should be put there because they can not be trusted with freedom, not because of retaliation and a desire for revenge. The individual or government who stoops to retaliation need never hope to reform the sinner till they first reform themselves.

Pity the man who allows his ears to be used as public receptacles for the scandal of a community.

If he is to be called a pessimist who faithfully describes conditions, what are the conditions to be called?

There are multitudes of men only too willing to serve the Church, if the Church, in turn, will allow them to oppress humanity.

Diplomacy is the art of saying disagreeable things pleasantly—a sort of covering the point of the thorn with velvet, as it were.

It usually happens that he who is most timid in minor things, is the most daring and intrepid of men in matters of great moment.

When a man tells you he doesn't like to be flattered, it is just his way of calling himself a liar without using the shorter and uglier word.

If we are to judge by quantity, Emerson wrote very little; but if quality is to be the criterion, he wrote more than any man since Plato.

Man was not made to suffer, but to enjoy. The fact that he has an instinctive desire for the ideal goes far towards establishing this assertion. Instinct is a kind of memory or knowledge of the Divine realities, bringing to our mind what we thought we had forgot.

When a man surrenders himself to the doctrines and methods of another, to that extent that he will not dare to have an opinion of his own, if that opinion should differ from those of his master, then has he surrendered all claims to right manhood and forfeited his individuality.

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